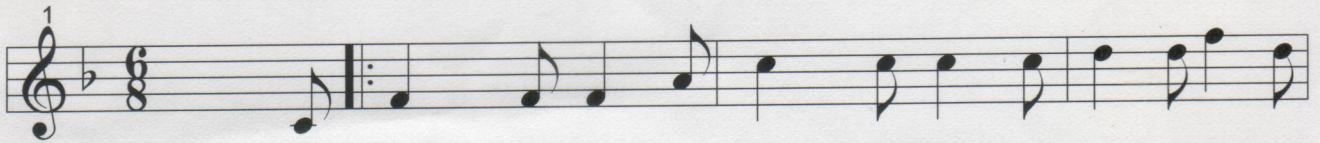
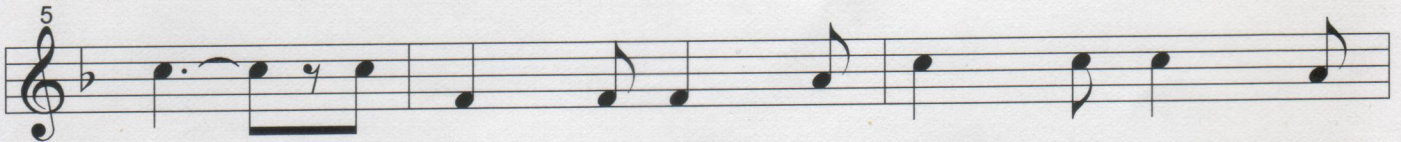


Cheery Ditty

Brian E. Drake



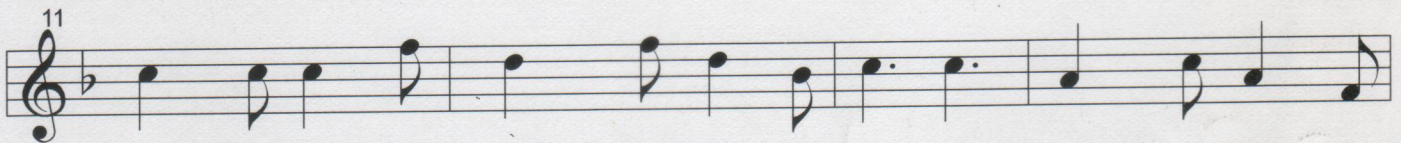
When I was young I roared and drank And gen - er - al - ly
I am old, and roar and drink And gen - er - al - ly



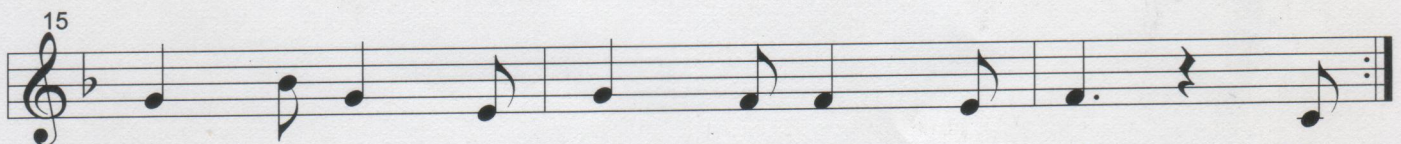
sinned. — I danced and sang on Sun - days And laughed
sin. — And when I throw my old back out, I



loud - er than the wind. I did - n't care for
throw it right back in. I still don't care for



man or God, I thumbed my nose at all If to up - braid my
man or God, And they don't care for me. And with my sor - ry,



pleas - ant life They had the blood - y gall. Now
sod - den life I'm pleased as I can be.